

FIVE HOOD-UPS

Two Highwaymen Do a Rushing Business on the Paterson City Line.

USE REVOLVERS FREELY.

Their Victims Gave Up, but Little Money and Some of Them Fought Gamely.

THE POLICE ARRIVE TOO LATE.

Heard the Shots Fired at John C. Harding, and Chased the Robbers, Who Disappeared in a Convenient Thicket.

Two highwaymen, wearing cloth hats and armed with revolvers, held up five persons in two hours on a lonely road on the City line of Paterson, N. J., Saturday night. Nearly a dozen shots were exchanged between the victims and the robbers, but none took effect. One of the victims picked up a picture from the Rogers' Gallery, and on the strength of this identification William O'Connor, an ex-convict, living at No. 111 Kearny street, Paterson, was arrested.

The first victim was Rudolph Hoffman, of No. 128 North Twelfth street, Paterson. Shortly after 7 o'clock he reached the corner of Burham and Haledon avenues. Suddenly, from opposite sides of the road, sprang two men, with revolvers in hand, and ordered him to throw up his hands and surrender. Hoffman complied with the request and handed over \$1.70. He was then forced to his knees, and the robbers began to take the alarm, was escorted a few hundred feet and then, the highwaymen disappeared.

Twenty minutes later Christopher Kemler, of No. 10 Burham avenue, was rounding the same corner, whistling to dispel all thoughts of danger, when suddenly he was confronted by two shining revolvers. Instantly a pistol flashed in his hand, but his aim was unsteady and the shot went wild. Then the overwhelming odds suddenly turned on him, and firing rapidly, he was turned and run. The robbers pursued him, firing several times, but without effect. Then, probably fearing to arouse the neighborhood, they stopped firing, but kept up the pursuit. Kemler out-distanced them and escaped.

Another twenty minutes elapsed, and the robbers were lying in the bushes waiting for another victim. Joseph Korjan, a resident of one of the suburbs, entered the town in a hurry. He was driving rapidly, intent on reaching the house of a relative before 8 o'clock. He had another mile to go and piloted the whip on his horse. At the sound of the robbers' voices, the animal sprang into the road. One of them grabbed the horse's head, while the second man jumped upon the wagon. Two revolvers were pointed at the driver, and he was commanded to "Give up." The sudden attack rendered Korjan speechless for an instant, but suddenly regaining his senses he struck the horse viciously. The animal started, and the highwayman in the buggy fell backward into the road. Korjan whipped his horse savagely, and though the highwaymen pursued and fired two shots, the plucky countryman escaped.

Then a horse and carriage, driven by Alfred McKenna, of Pompton Lakes, reached the scene. Accompanying McKenna were his wife, son and sister-in-law. The robbers ordered a halt, and leveled their revolvers at McKenna and his son. One of the robbers jumped on the wagon, searched McKenna, and secured one dollar. He was about to search the other members of the party, but the women shrieked so loudly that he jumped off and ordered McKenna to drive. They stood in the roadway while McKenna followed their instructions.

It was shortly before midnight when the hold-up took place. The victim was John C. Harding, of Haledon avenue, and Zabriskie street. When he was ordered to surrender he struck one of the robbers a staggering blow in the face. The other robber was so dazed by this sudden act that he was powerless. By the time they recovered Harding had a hundred feet away. He was pursued and four shots were fired after him. One of the bullets tore through his sleeve, but did not penetrate his flesh.

By this time the police who had heard the shots reached the scene. The robbers were pursued, but soon escaped in the thickets. The police searched the neighborhood, but were unable to find a trace of the missing money.

KEALY THANKED THE POLICE.

He Was Helplessly Drunk, and His Arrest Saved Him from Being Robbed.

Police Justice Kramer, in Brooklyn, yesterday suspended sentence upon James M. Kealy, twenty-one years old, a real estate dealer, of No. 102 West One Hundred and Eighteenth street, New York, who had been arrested for intoxication. Kealy was found helplessly drunk in Bedford avenue, Saturday. He had \$1,486 in his possession, a valuable cash watch.

Kealy had been arrested by the Clymer station earlier in the evening by a cab driver, who declared that he had been driving Kealy out of several houses, and that the latter refused to pay his fare. The matter was settled by the payment of \$25 and Kealy was then under the influence of liquor, left the station, and the Magistrate yesterday morning that he was thankful for being arrested, as he would have been robbed if left to himself.

ARTIST ELDER IS MISSING.

Landlord and Two Former Partners Anxious to Learn His Whereabouts.

The man most sought after in Paterson, N. J., at present is J. C. Elder, an artist, who has been doing business at No. 110 Ellison street. He is in arrears for rent; his office fixtures have been attached on behalf of John Goldthorpe, to whom he owes a small sum from a transaction involving the passage of a worthless check, and two men who invested money in his business are particularly anxious to see him.

They are John Sanderson, who became a partner for \$200, and has not since seen Elder, and Thomas Stevens, of Little Falls, who is minus \$200 invested in the same way.

Elder is missing, and criminal proceedings will be begun against him if he can be found.

Fell Downstairs, Fractured Skull. John Collins, sixty-five years old, of No. 41 Graham avenue, Williamsburg, was removed to St. Catherine's Hospital yesterday, suffering from a fracture of the skull. Collins received his injuries by falling down a flight of stairs at the home of a friend, on Esplanade street, where he was visiting. His condition is critical.

Arrested for Selling on Sunday. Dominico Rizzo, an Italian grocer, of No. 241 Pacific street, Brooklyn, was arrested yesterday by Patrolman Howard, charged with violating the Excise law. He was selling Giuseppe's medicine some groceries when arrested. Rizzo explained that he was ignorant of the law.

SAVED ALL BUT THE BABY.

Reed Would Have Sacrificed His Own Life to Rescue His Child, but His Neighbors Restrained Him.

Millville, N. J., March 7.—The little village of Millville was in a great state of excitement last evening, when the residence of E. Reed went up in flames. Every one in the village hurried out and fought the fire, and when it was learned that all the family had been saved, excepting four-year-old Bertha, people wept and the mother was frantic with grief.

The three daughters were playing in the dining room and one accidentally knocked a lamp over, and in a moment the whole place was in flames. The mother, who had been lying on a sofa, rescued all the little ones save Bertha. When he rushed back for her the flames had gained such mastery that it was impossible to get to his favorite child.

The father attempted to rush into the flames, but the neighbors held him back, saying that he, too, would be burned to death. Writhing their hands and weeping the mother and mother had to stand by watching the flames devouring not only their home, but their baby, which was one of the most favorite children in the whole neighborhood.

Reed was badly burned about the face and hands, and two of his children were badly burned. The mother, who had been lying on a sofa, rescued all the little ones save Bertha. When he rushed back for her the flames had gained such mastery that it was impossible to get to his favorite child.

FELL DEAD IN HER PEW.

Mrs. Dietering Dies of Heart Disease in the Church She Had Attended Over Forty Years.

For over forty years Mrs. Susan Dietering worshipped in the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, Sixth and Hudson streets, Hoboken, yesterday, listening in her pew to the words of Rev. John Imhoff, the pastor, she died. The full import of the sad occurrence was known to but a few until Pastor Rudolph announced it from the pulpit.

With a faithful old servant, Mrs. Dietering, who was seventy-four years old, occupied the house No. 715 Bloomfield street. Her husband, William Dietering, an ex-convict, died in the city about a year ago. Her son Frederick and her daughter are married. The latter is Mrs. Alexander Dietering, of No. 418 Hudson street. Mrs. Dietering was a devoted church woman, and was regular in attendance. Lately her health had been poor, and Sunday of the week before was the first time in six months that she had been in church.

Yesterday, as she entered the church, she remarked to several friends that she never felt better in her life. The service had just commenced, however, when with a little gasping cry, Mrs. Dietering fell from her seat to the floor of her pew. First to reach her side was Mrs. Rudolph, wife of the pastor, who gently lifted the old lady's head to her lap and held a bottle of smelling salts to her nostrils. Elder John Straub, whose daughter married Mrs. Dietering's son, Fred, also went to her aid, while Mrs. Dietering hastened for a glass of water.

But the old lady was past aid. She had died of heart disease, and though she was taken to the hospital, she died there. Her death was a great loss to the church, and her friends were deeply grieved. Her husband, who was a devoted church member, was also a great loss to the church.

HER FATHER THE ENEMY.

Drunken John Keys Refuses to Let His Daughter Be Adopted by a Salem Sea Captain.

Through the perverse obstinacy of a careless father, eleven-year-old Jennie Keys, who has for years been an inmate of the orphan asylum in Passaic, N. J., is denied the opportunity to gain a comfortable and happy home.

John Keys was once a well known and well-to-do gardener. Besides Jennie, he has a grown up girl, Rebecca, who is employed as a servant in Clifton, N. J., and her daughter, who has been legally adopted by Rev. Joseph W. H. Keys, pastor of the North Reformed Church in Passaic.

A wealthy sea captain of Salem, Mass., saw Jennie a short time ago, took a fancy to her and offered to adopt her. Keys refused to sign the papers, yet he does nothing for her, and she is still in the orphan asylum.

GOSSIP PARTS MAN AND WIFE.

Incidentally William H. Byrne Thrashes George B. Rappleyea.

Keyport, N. J., March 7.—To within a few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. William H. Byrne, Jr., of this place, had spent two years together of a happy married life. Mrs. Byrne's former home was in Northport, L. I., where she was considered a handsome woman. Byrne has lived in Keyport for several years, and had the reputation of a little bit of a rake. His wife, who was a devoted church member, was also a great loss to the church.

When he returned to his home here on February 20 last he found that his wife had been taken away. He was told that she had been taken away by a man named George B. Rappleyea, who was a wealthy sea captain of Salem, Mass.

RAIDED A GAMBLING HOUSE.

Four Crap Players Were All That the Police Found.

Patrolman Post, of the Brownsville Police Station, was complimented yesterday by Captain Velsor for a raid made on a house at No. 18 Prescott place, where four colored men were playing craps.

Captain Velsor had directed his men to look out for such places. Post suspected that a game was in progress in the Prescott place house, and he went there and found four players.

Post arrested the four players, and they were taken to the police station. The game was a crap game, and the players were all colored men. The game was a crap game, and the players were all colored men.

MONEY GAME, PETER'S FINGER

REASON FLED TOO, PROVED USEFUL.

Old Martin Herrick Driven Insane by Friendly Borrowers.

DUBBED HIM "EASY MART."

A Simple Minded Citizen of New Brunswick, N. J., Thought All Men Honest.

TOOK WORTHLESS SECURITIES.

His Little Fortune Soon Vanished, and Now the Only Friend Remaining Is a Penniless Invalid Mother.

When his small riches took unto themselves wings and flew away, the reason of poor old Martin Herrick died, too. Day and night he walked the floor of his humble home at New Brunswick, N. J., until he worried himself sick. Then Martin closed up his little soda water and cigar store and went to bed. His aged mother watches over him, and though charity is their only support, her greatest fear is that the authorities will discover the condition of her son and send him away.

Herrick was fifty-five years of age, but was never over bright, exhibiting in many ways the nature of a child. He was strictly honest himself and believed that all men possessed this virtue. But that was where Martin made a mistake. He was too trusting. When his stepfather, William Campbell, died, a few years ago, he bequeathed several thousand dollars to Martin. With this small fortune he opened a store and soon made friends who liked to borrow money. No matter who applied for loans, Herrick was always ready and willing to accommodate. Worthless securities were given in exchange, and the readiness with which the lender accepted this paper earned him the nickname of "Easy Mart." In fact, he was so easy that his wealth soon vanished on dishonest wings.

With the little fortune gone, Martin found himself in desperate straits. One of his largest debtors died, and the cigar dealer was unable to collect a cent. This and other debts worried him so much that he could no longer attend to business. People who had professed to be his friends

left him in the lurch. Martin was now a penniless invalid, and his mother was the only friend remaining. She was a simple-minded woman, and she was now the only friend remaining. She was a simple-minded woman, and she was now the only friend remaining.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH STORMS TWO FORTS.

Mrs. Ballington Booth conducted a meeting yesterday afternoon at Fort Hamilton for the benefit of the United States soldiers stationed there. She talked to them earnestly and impressively, and yet with a lack of formality and with a charming friendliness of manner. Her listeners were most attentive, and gave evidence of being deeply interested. She used the simplest metaphors, and told several stories bearing upon the soldier's life and his spiritual welfare. She greeted the men as friends and comrades, and unquestionably awakened warm feelings of sympathy in them.

In the evening she addressed the soldiers at Fort Wadsworth. The officers of both forts extended her every consideration and courtesy in their power.

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